

*An*  
ANTHOLOGY  
*of*  
RECENT POETRY

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L. D'O. WALTERS  
&  
A. E. M. BAYLISS

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RECENT POETRY





# *An* ANTHOLOGY *of* RECENT POETRY

*Compiled by*  
L. D'O. WALTERS AND A. E. M. BAYLISS

The year's at the spring.  
*Pippa Passes*

NEW AND ENLARGED EDITION



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# Preface to Revised Edition

IN revising this volume I have followed what seemed to me the simplest possible plan. Instead of interfering in any way with the previous selection, I have allowed it to remain unchanged, and contented myself with adding a supplement of my own choice. This method, it is felt, will cause least embarrassment to readers already familiar with the former edition.

Thus, Part I will be found to contain the whole of the original collection of seventy-five poems arranged in exactly the same order, while Part II is devoted to the work of poets not hitherto represented.

In choosing new items for this anthology my aim has been to strike a balance between the work of older and more established poets and that of the younger generation. The task has been unusually difficult owing to the fact that much recent verse is too cynical and abstruse for children. However, I trust that the present selection will prove both suitable and stimulating. My best thanks are due to Mrs Mona Gooden for valuable suggestions regarding the choice of material and to those authors who have given personal permission for the inclusion of their poems.

A. E. M. B.

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# Acknowledgment

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## PART I

### *April*

A PRIL, April,  
Laugh thy girlish laughter ;  
Then, the moment after,  
Weep thy girlish tears !  
April, that mine ears  
Like a lover greetest,  
If I tell thee, sweetest,  
All my hopes and fears,  
April, April,  
Laugh thy golden laughter,  
But, the moment after,  
Weep thy golden tears.

WILLIAM WATSON

### *The Fiddler of Dooney*

WHEN I play on my fiddle in Dooney,  
Folk dance like a wave of the sea.  
My cousin is priest in Kilvarnet,  
My brother in Moharabuiee.

I passed my brother and cousin :  
They read in their books of prayer ;  
I read in my book of songs  
I bought at the Sligo fair.

When we come at the end of time,  
To Peter sitting in state,  
He will smile on the three old spirits,  
But call me first through the gate ;

For the good are always the merry,  
Save by an evil chance,  
And the merry love the fiddle,  
And the merry love to dance :

And when the folk there spy me,  
They will all come up to me,  
With " Here is the fiddler of Dooney ! "  
And dance like a wave of the sea.

W. B. YEATS

### *The Lake Isle of Innisfree*

I WILL arise and go now, and go to Innisfree,  
And a small cabin build there, of clay and wattles made ;  
Nine bean rows will I have there, a hive for the honey bee,  
And live alone in the bee-loud glade.

And I shall have some peace there, for peace comes dropping  
slow,  
Dropping from the veils of the morning to where the  
cricket sings ;  
There midnight's all a glimmer, and noon a purple glow,  
And evening full of the linnet's wings.

I will arise and go now, for always, night and day,  
I hear lake-water lapping with low sounds by the shore ;  
While I stand on the roadway, or on the pavements grey,  
I hear it in the deep heart's core.

W. B. YEATS

### *Cradle-song*

FROM groves of spice,  
O'er fields of rice,  
Athwart the lotus-stream  
I bring for you,  
Aglint with dew,  
A little lovely dream.

Sweet, shut your eyes,  
The wild fire-flies  
Dance through the fairy *neem* ;<sup>1</sup>  
From the poppy-bole  
For you I stole  
A little lovely dream.

Dear eyes, good night,  
In golden light  
The stars around you gleam ;  
On you I press  
With soft caress  
A little lovely dream.

SAROJINI NAIDU

<sup>1</sup> A lilac-tree (Hindustani).

## *The Donkey*

WHEN fishes flew and forests walked  
And figs grew upon thorn,  
Some moment when the moon was blood  
Then surely I was born ;

With monstrous head and sickening cry  
And ears like errant wings,  
The devil's walking parody  
On all four-footed things.

The tattered outlaw of the earth,  
Of ancient crooked will ;  
Starve, scourge, deride me : I am dumb,  
I keep my secret still.

Fools ! For I also had my hour ;  
One far fierce hour and sweet :  
There was a shout about my ears,  
And palms before my feet.

G. K. CHESTERTON

## *The Early Morning*

THE moon on the one hand, the dawn on the other :  
The moon is my sister, the dawn is my brother.  
The moon on my left and the dawn on my right.  
My brother, good morning : my sister, good night.

HILAIRE BELLOC



## *The South Country*

WHEN I am living in the Midlands  
That are sodden and unkind,  
I light my lamp in the evening :  
My work is left behind ;  
And the great hills of the South Country  
Come back into my mind.

The great hills of the South Country  
They stand along the sea ;  
And it's there walking in the high woods  
That I could wish to be,  
And the men that were boys when I was a boy  
Walking along with me.

The men that live in North England  
I saw them for a day :  
Their hearts are set upon the waste fells,  
Their skies are fast and grey ;  
From their castle-walls a man may see  
The mountains far away.

The men that live in West England  
They see the Severn strong,  
A-rolling on rough water brown  
Light aspen leaves along.  
They have the secret of the Rocks,  
And the oldest kind of song.

But the men that live in the South Country  
Are the kindest and most wise,  
They get their laughter from the loud surf,  
And the faith in their happy eyes  
Comes surely from our Sister the Spring  
When over the sea she flies ;  
The violets suddenly bloom at her feet,  
She blesses us with surprise.

I never get between the pines  
But I smell the Sussex air ;  
Nor I never come on a belt of sand  
But my home is there.  
And along the sky the line of the Downs  
So noble and so bare.

A lost thing could I never find,  
Nor a broken thing mend :  
And I fear I shall be all alone  
When I get towards the end.  
Who will be there to comfort me  
Or who will be my friend ?

I will gather and carefully make my friends  
Of the men of the Sussex Weald,  
They watch the stars from silent folds,  
They stiffly plough the field.  
By them and the God of the South Country  
My poor soul shall be healed.

If I ever become a rich man,  
Or if ever I grow to be old,  
I will build a house with deep thatch  
To shelter me from the cold,  
And there shall the Sussex songs be sung  
And the story of Sussex told.

I will hold my house in the high wood  
Within a walk of the sea,  
And the men that were boys when I was a boy  
Shall sit and drink with me.

HILAIRE BELLOC

### *Sea Fever*

I MUST go down to the seas again, to the lonely sea and the  
sky,  
And all I ask is a tall ship and a star to steer her by ;  
And the wheel's kick and the wind's song and the white  
sail's shaking,  
And a grey mist on the sea's face, and a grey dawn  
breaking.

I must go down to the seas again, for the call of the running  
tide  
Is a wild call and a clear call that may not be denied ;  
And all I ask is a windy day with the white clouds flying,  
And the flung spray and the blown spume, and the sea-gulls  
crying.

I must go down to the seas again, to the vagrant gipsy life,  
To the gull's way and the whale's way where the wind's  
like a whetted knife ;  
And all I ask is a merry yarn from a laughing fellow-rover,  
And quiet sleep and a sweet dream when the long trick's  
over.

JOHN MASEFIELD

### *Tewkesbury Road*

It is good to be out on the road, and going one knows not  
where,  
Going through meadow and village, one knows not whither  
nor why ;  
Through the grey light drift of the dust, in the keen cool  
rush of the air,  
Under the flying white clouds, and the broad blue lift of  
the sky.

And to halt at the chattering brook, in the tall green fern  
at the brink  
Where the harebell grows, and the gorse, and the foxgloves  
purple and white ;  
Where the shy-eyed delicate deer come down in a troop  
to drink  
When the stars are mellow and large at the coming on of  
the night.

O, to feel the beat of the rain, and the homely smell of the  
earth,  
Is a tune for the blood to jig to, a joy past power of words ;  
And the blessed green comely meadows are all a-ripple  
with mirth  
At the noise of the lambs at play and the dear wild cry of  
the birds.

JOHN MASEFIELD

### *The West Wind*

It's a warm wind, the west wind, full of birds' cries ;  
I never hear the west wind but tears are in my eyes.  
For it comes from the west lands, the old brown hills,  
And April's in the west wind, and daffodils.

It's a fine land, the west land, for hearts as tired as mine,  
Apple orchards blossom there, and the air's like wine.  
There is cool green grass there, where men may lie at rest,  
And the thrushes are in song there, fluting from the nest.

“ Will you not come home, brother ? You have been long  
away.

It's April, and blossom time, and white is the spray :  
And bright is the sun, brother, and warm is the rain,  
Will you not come home, brother, home to us again ?

The young corn is green, brother, where the rabbits run ;  
It's blue sky, and white clouds, and warm rain and sun.  
It's song to a man's soul, brother, fire to a man's brain,  
To hear the wild bees and see the merry spring again.

Larks are singing in the west, brother, above the green  
wheat,  
So will you not come home, brother, and rest your tired  
feet ?  
I've a balm for bruised hearts, brother, sleep for aching  
eyes,"  
Says the warm wind, the west wind, full of birds' cries.  
It's the white road westwards is the road I must tread  
To the green grass, the cool grass, and rest for heart and  
head,  
To the violets and the brown brooks and the thrushes' song  
In the fine land, the west land, the land where I belong.

JOHN MASEFIELD

### *A Ballad of the Captains*

WHERE are now the Captains  
Of the narrow ships of old—  
Who with valiant souls went seeking  
For the Fabled Fleece of Gold ;  
In the clouded Dusk of Ages,  
In the Dawn of History,  
When the ringing songs of Homer  
First re-echoed o'er the Sea ?

Oh, the Captains lie a-sleeping  
Where great iron hulls are sweeping  
Out of Suez in their pride ;  
And they hear not, and they heed not,  
And they know not, and they need not  
In their deep graves far and wide.

Where are now the Captains  
Who went blindly through the Strait,  
With a tribute to Poseidon,  
A libation poured to Fate ?  
They were heroes giant-hearted,  
That with Terrors, told and sung,  
Like blindfolded lions grappled,  
When the World was strange and young.

Oh, the Captains brave and daring  
With their grim old crews are faring  
Where our guiding beacons gleam ;  
And the homeward liners o'er them—  
All the charted seas before them—  
Shall not wake them as they dream.

Where are now the Captains  
From bold Nelson back to Drake,  
Who came drumming up the Channel,  
Haling prizes in their wake ?  
Where are England's fighting Captains  
Who, with battle flags unfurled,  
Went a-rieving all the rieviers  
O'er the waves of all the world ?

Oh, these Captains, all confiding  
In the strong right hand, are biding  
In the margins, on the Main ;  
They are shining bright in story,  
They are sleeping deep in glory,  
On the silken lap of Fame.



Where are now the Captains  
Who regarded not the tears  
Of the captured Christian maidens  
Carried, weeping, to Algiers ?  
Yes, the swarthy Moorish Captains  
Storming wildly 'cross the Bay,  
With a dead hidalgo's daughter  
As a dower for the Dey ?

Oh, those cruel Captains never  
Shall sweet lovers more dissever,  
On their forays as they roll ;  
Or the mad Dons curse them vainly,  
As their baffled ships, ungainly,  
Heel them, jeering, to the Mole.

Where are now the Captains  
Of those racing, roaring days,  
Who of knowledge and of courage,  
Drove the clippers on their ways—  
To the furthest ounce of pressure,  
To the latest stitch of sail,  
'Carried on ' before the tempest  
Till the waters lapped the rail ?

Oh, the merry, manly skippers  
Of the traders and the clippers,  
They are sleeping East and West,  
And the brave blue seas shall hold them,  
And the oceans five enfold them  
In the havens where they rest.

Where are now the Captains  
Of the gallant days ago?  
They are biding in their places,  
And the Great Deep bears no traces  
Of their good ships passed and gone.  
They are biding in their places,  
Where the light of God's own grace is,  
And the Great Deep thunders on.

Yea, with never port to steer for,  
And with never storm to fear for,  
They are waiting wan and white,  
And they hear no more the calling  
Of the watches, or the falling  
Of the sea rain in the night.

E. J. BRADY

### *Arabia*

FAR are the shades of Arabia,  
Where the Princes ride at noon,  
'Mid the verdurous vales and thickets,  
Under the ghost of the moon ;  
And so dark is that vaulted purple  
Flowers in the forest rise  
And toss into blossom 'gainst the phantom stars  
Pale in the noonday skies.

Sweet is the music of Arabia  
In my heart, when out of dreams  
I still in the thin clear mirk of dawn  
Descry her gliding streams ;

Hear her strange lutes on the green banks  
Ring loud with the grief and delight  
Of the dim-silked, dark-haired Musicians  
In the brooding silence of night.

They haunt me—her lutes and her forests ;  
No beauty on earth I see  
But shadowed with that dream recalls  
Her loveliness to me :  
Still eyes look coldly upon me,  
Cold voices whisper and say—  
“ He is crazed with the spell of far Arabia,  
They have stolen his wits away.”

WALTER DE LA MARE

### *Full Moon*

ONE night as Dick lay half asleep,  
Into his drowsy eyes  
A great still light began to creep  
From out the silent skies.  
It was the lovely moon's, for when  
He raised his dreamy head,  
Her rays of silver filled the pane  
And streamed across his bed.  
So, for awhile, each gazed at each—  
Dick and the solemn moon—  
Till, climbing slowly on her way,  
She vanished, and was gone.

WALTER DE LA MARE

## *Nod*

SOFTLY along the road of evening,  
In a twilight dim with rose,  
Wrinkled with age, and drenched with dew,  
Old Nod, the shepherd, goes.

His drowsy flock streams on before him,  
Their fleeces charged with gold,  
To where the sun's last beam leans low  
On Nod the shepherd's fold.

The hedge is quick and green with briar,  
From their sand the conies creep ;  
And all the birds that fly in heaven  
Flock singing home to sleep.

His lambs outnumber a noon's roses,  
Yet, when night's shadows fall,  
His blind old sheep-dog, Slumber-soon,  
Misses not one of all.

His are the quiet steeps of dreamland,  
The waters of no-more-pain,  
His ram's bell rings 'neath an arch of stars,  
" Rest, rest, and rest again."

WALTER DE LA MARE

### *The Song of the Mad Prince*

WHO said, " Peacock Pie " ?  
The old King to the sparrow :  
Who said, " Crops are ripe " ?  
Rust to the harrow :

Who said, " Where sleeps she now ?  
Where rests she now her head,  
Bathed in eve's loveliness " ?  
That's what I said.

Who said, " Ay, mum's the word " ?  
Sexton to willow :  
Who said, " Green dusk for dreams,  
Moss for a pillow " ?  
Who said, " All Time's delight  
Hath she for narrow bed ;  
Life's troubled bubble broken " ?  
That's what I said.

WALTER DE LA MARE

### *A Dead Harvest*

*In Kensington Gardens*

ALONG the graceless grass of town  
They rake the rows of red and brown—  
Dead leaves, unlike the rows of hay  
Delicate, touched with gold and grey,  
Raked long ago and far away.

A narrow silence in the park,  
Between the lights a narrow dark.  
One street rolls on the north ; and one,  
Muffled, upon the south doth run ;  
Amid the mist the work is done.

A futile crop ! for it the fire  
Smoulders, and, for a stack, a pyre.  
So go the town's lives on the breeze,  
Even as the sheddings of the trees ;  
Bosom nor barn is filled with these.

ALICE MEYNELL

### *November Blue*

The golden tint of the electric lights seems to give a  
complementary colour to the air in the early evening.

*Essay on London*

O HEAVENLY colour, London town  
Has blurred it from her skies ;  
And, hooded in an earthly brown,  
Unheaven'd the city lies.  
No longer standard-like this hue  
Above the broad road flies ;  
Nor does the narrow street the blue  
Wear, slender pennon-wise.

But when the gold and silver lamps  
Colour the London dew,  
And, misted by the winter damps,  
The shops shine bright anew—  
Blue comes to earth, it walks the street,  
It dyes the wide air through ;  
A mimic sky about their feet,  
The throng go crowned with blue.

ALICE MEYNELL

## *The Shepherdess*

SHE walks—the lady of my delight—

A shepherdess of sheep.

Her flocks are thoughts. She keeps them white ;

She guards them from the steep ;

She feeds them on the fragrant height,

And folds them in for sleep.

She roams maternal hills and bright,

Dark valleys safe and deep.

Into that tender breast at night

The chastest stars may peep.

She walks—the lady of my delight—

A shepherdess of sheep.

She holds her little thoughts in sight,

Though gay they run and leap.

She is so circumspect and right ;

She has her soul to keep.

She walks—the lady of my delight—

A shepherdess of sheep.

ALICE MEYNELL

## *The Dead*

BLOW out, you bugles, over the rich Dead !

There's none of these so lonely and poor of old,

But, dying, has made us rarer gifts than gold.

These laid the world away ; poured out the red



Sweet wine of youth ; gave up the years to be  
Of work and joy, and that unhopèd serene,  
That men call age ; and those who would have been,  
Their sons, they gave, their immortality.

Blow, bugles, blow ! They brought us, for our dearth,  
Holiness, lacked so long, and Love, and Pain.  
Honour has come back, as a king, to earth,  
And paid his subjects with a royal wage ;  
And Nobleness walks in our ways again ;  
And we have come into our heritage.

RUPERT BROOKE

### *The Great Lover*

I HAVE been so great a lover : filled my days  
So proudly with the splendour of Love's praise,  
The pain, the calm, and the astonishment,  
Desire illimitable, and still content,  
And all dear names men use, to cheat despair,  
For the perplexed and viewless streams that bear  
Our hearts at random down the dark of life.  
Now, ere the unthinking silence on that strife  
Steals down, I would cheat drowsy Death so far,  
My night shall be remembered for a star  
That outshone all the suns of all men's days.  
Shall I not crown them with immortal praise  
Whom I have loved, who have given me, dared with me  
High secrets, and in darkness knelt to see  
The inenarrable godhead of delight ?  
Love is a flame ;—we have beaconed the world's night.

A city :—and we have built it, these and I.  
An emperor :—we have taught the world to die.  
So, for their sakes I loved, ere I go hence,  
And the high cause of Love's magnificence,  
And to keep loyalties young, I'll write those names  
Golden for ever, eagles, crying flames,  
And set them as a banner, that men may know,  
To dare the generations, burn, and blow  
Out on the wind of Time, shining and streaming. . . .  
These I have loved :

White plates and cups, clean-gleaming,  
Ringed with blue lines ; and feathery, faery dust ;  
Wet roofs, beneath the lamp-light ; the strong crust  
Of friendly bread ; and many-tasting food ;  
Rainbows ; and the blue bitter smoke of wood ;  
And radiant raindrops couching in cool flowers ;  
And flowers themselves, that sway through sunny  
hours,  
Dreaming of moths that drink them under the moon ;  
Then, the cool kindness of sheets, that soon  
Smooth away trouble ; and the rough male kiss  
Of blankets ; grainy wood ; live hair that is  
Shining and free ; blue-massing clouds ; the keen  
Unpassioned beauty of a great machine ;  
The benison of hot water ; furs to touch ;  
The good smell of old clothes ; and other such—  
The comfortable smell of friendly fingers,  
Hair's fragrance, and the musty reek that lingers  
About dead leaves and last year's ferns. . . .

Dear names,  
And thousand other throng to me ! Royal flames ;

Sweet water's dimpling laugh from tap or spring ;  
Holes in the ground ; and voices that do sing ;  
Voices in laughter, too ; and body's pain,  
Soon turned to peace ; and the deep-panting train ;  
Firm sands ; the little dulling edge of foam  
That browns and dwindles as the wave goes home ;  
And washen stones, gay for an hour ; the cold  
Graveness of iron ; moist black earthen mould ;  
Sleep ; and high places ; footprints in the dew ;  
And oaks ; and brown horse-chestnuts, glossy-new ;—  
And new-peeled sticks ; and shining pools on grass ;—  
All these have been my loves. And these shall pass,  
Whatever passes not, in the great hour,  
Nor all my passion, all my prayers, have power  
To hold them with me through the gate of Death.  
They'll play deserter, turn with the traitor breath,  
Break the high bond we made, and sell Love's trust  
And sacramented covenant to the dust.  
—Oh, never a doubt but, somewhere, I shall wake,  
And give what's left of love again, and make  
New friends, now strangers. . . .

But the best I've known,  
Stays here, and changes, breaks, grows old, is blown  
About the winds of the world, and fades from brains  
Of living men, and dies.

Nothing remains.

O dear my loves, O faithless, once again  
This one last gift I give : that after men  
Shall know, and later lovers, far-removed,  
Praise you, " All these were lovely " ; say, " He loved."

RUPERT BROOKE

## *The Soldier*

IF I should die, think only this of me :

That there's some corner of a foreign field  
That is for ever England. There shall be  
In that rich earth a richer dust concealed ;  
A dust whom England bore, shaped, made aware,  
Gave, once, her flowers to love, her ways to roam,  
A body of England's, breathing English air,  
Washed by the rivers, blest by suns of home.

And think, this heart, all evil shed away,  
A pulse in the eternal mind, no less  
Gives somewhere back the thoughts by England given ;  
Her sights and sounds ; dreams happy as her day ;  
And laughter, learnt of friends ; and gentleness,  
In hearts at peace, under an English heaven.

RUPERT BROOKE

### *By the Statue of King Charles at Charing Cross*

SOMBRE and rich, the skies ;  
Great glooms, and starry plains.  
Gently the night wind sighs ;  
Else a vast silence reigns.

The splendid silence clings  
Around me : and around  
The saddest of all kings  
Crowned, and again discrowned.

Comely and calm, he rides  
Hard by his own Whitehall :  
Only the night wind glides :  
No crowds, nor rebels, brawl.

Gone, too, his Court ; and yet,  
The stars his courtiers are :  
Stars in their stations set ;  
And every wandering star.

Alone he rides, alone,  
The fair and fatal king :  
Dark night is all his own,  
That strange and solemn thing.

Which are more full of fate :  
The stars ; or those sad eyes ?  
Which are more still and great :  
Those brows ; or the dark skies ?

Although his whole heart yearn  
In passionate tragedy :  
Never was face so stern  
With sweet austerity.

Vanquished in life, his death  
By beauty made amends :  
The passing of his breath  
Won his defeated ends.

Brief life and hapless ? Nay :  
Through death, life grew sublime.  
*Speak after sentence ?* Yea :  
And to the end of time.

Armoured he rides, his head  
Bare to the stars of doom :  
He triumphs now, the dead,  
Beholding London's gloom.

Our wearier spirit faints,  
Vexed in the world's employ :  
His soul was of the saints ;  
And art to him was joy.

King, tried in fires of woe !  
Men hunger for thy grace :  
And through the night I go,  
Loving thy mournful face.

Yet when the city sleeps ;  
When all the cries are still :  
The stars and heavenly deeps  
Work out a perfect will.

LIONEL JOHNSON

### *Check*

THE night was creeping on the ground ;  
She crept and did not make a sound  
Until she reached the tree, and then  
She covered it, and stole again  
Along the grass beside the wall.

I heard the rustle of her shawl  
As she threw blackness everywhere  
Upon the sky and ground and air,  
And in the room where I was hid :  
But no matter what she did  
To everything that was without,  
She could not put my candle out.

So I stared at the night, and she  
Stared back solemnly at me.

JAMES STEPHENS

### *When the Leaves Fall*

WHEN the leaves fall off the trees  
Everybody walks on them :  
Once they had a time of ease  
High above, and every breeze  
Used to stay and talk to them.

Then they were so debonair  
As they fluttered up and down ;  
Dancing in the sunny air,  
Dancing without knowing there  
Was a gutter in the town.

Now they have no place at all !  
All the home that they can find  
Is a gutter by a wall,  
And the wind that waits their fall  
Is an apache of a wind.

JAMES STEPHENS

## *In France*

THE poplars in the fields of France  
Are golden ladies come to dance ;  
But yet to see them there is none  
But I and the September sun.

The girl who in their shadow sits  
Can only see the sock she knits ;  
Her dog is watching all the day  
That not a cow shall go astray.

The leisurely contented cows  
Can only see the earth they browse ;  
Their piebald bodies through the grass  
With busy, munching noses pass.

Alone the sun and I behold  
Processions crowned with shining gold—  
The poplars in the fields of France,  
Like glorious ladies come to dance.

FRANCES CORNFORD

## *The Ragwort*

THE thistles on the sandy flats  
Are courtiers with crimson hats ;  
The ragworts, growing up so straight,  
Are emperors who stand in state,  
And march about, so proud and bold,  
In crowns of fairy-story gold.



The people passing home at night  
Rejoice to see the shining sight,  
They quite forget the sands and sea  
Which are as grey as grey can be,  
Nor ever heed the gulls who cry  
Like peevish children in the sky.

FRANCES CORNFORD

### *Lone Dog*

I'm a lean dog, a keen dog, a wild dog, and lone ;  
I'm a rough dog, a tough dog, hunting on my own ;  
I'm a bad dog, a mad dog, teasing silly sheep ;  
I love to sit and bay the moon, to keep fat souls from  
sleep.

I'll never be a lap dog, licking dirty feet,  
A sleek dog, a meek dog, cringing for my meat,  
Not for me the fireside, the well-filled plate,  
But shut door, and sharp stone, and cuff, and kick, and  
hate.

Not for me the other dogs, running by my side,  
Some have run a short while, but none of them would  
bide.

O mine is still the lone trail, the hard trail, the best,  
Wide wind, and wild stars, and the hunger of the quest !

IRENE R. MCLEOD

## *If I Had a Broomstick*

IF I had a broomstick, and knew how to ride it,  
I'd fly through the windows when Jane goes to tea,  
And over the tops of the chimneys I'd guide it,  
To lands where no children are cripples like me ;  
I'd run on the rocks with the crabs and the sea,  
Where soft red anemones close when you touch ;  
If I had a broomstick, and knew how to ride it,  
If I had a broomstick—instead of a crutch !

PATRICK R. CHALMERS

## *Roundabouts and Swings*

IT was early last September nigh to Framlin'am-on-Sea,  
An' 'twas Fair-day come to-morrow, an' the time was after  
tea,  
An' I met a painted caravan adown a dusty lane,  
A Pharaoh with his waggons comin' jolt an' creak an'  
strain ;  
A cheery cove an' sunburnt, bold o' eye and wrinkled up,  
An' beside him on the splashboard sat a brindled tarrier  
pup,  
An' a lurcher wise as Solomon an' lean as fiddle-strings  
Was joggin' in the dust along 'is roundabouts and swings.  
“Goo'-day,” said 'e ; “Goo'-day,” said I ; “an' 'ow  
d'you find things go,  
An' what's the chance o' millions when you runs a travellin'  
show ?”

"I find," said 'e, "things very much as 'ow I've always found,

For mostly they goes up and down or else goes round and round."

Said 'e, "The job's the very spit o' what it always were, It's bread and bacon mostly when the dog don't catch a 'are ;

But lookin' at it broad, an' while it ain't no merchant king's, What's lost upon the roundabouts we pulls up on the swings !

"Goo' luck," said 'e ; "Goo' luck," said I ; "you've put it past a doubt ;

An' keep that lurcher on the road, the gamekeepers is out " ; 'E thumped upon the footboard an' 'e lumbered on again To meet a gold-dust sunset down the owl-light in the lane ; An' the moon she climbed the 'azels, while a nightjar seemed to spin

That Pharaoh's wisdom o'er again, 'is sooth of lose-and-win ;

For "up an' down an' round," said 'e, "goes all appointed things,

An' losses on the roundabouts means profits on the swings !"

PATRICK R. CHALMERS

### *A Town Window*

BEYOND my window in the night  
Is but a drab inglorious street,  
Yet there the frost and clean starlight  
As over Warwick woods are sweet.

Under the grey drift of the town  
The crocus works among the mould  
As eagerly as those that crown  
The Warwick spring in flame and gold.

And when the tramway down the hill  
Across the cobbles moans and rings,  
There is about my window-sill  
The tumult of a thousand wings.

JOHN DRINKWATER

### *Brumana*

OH shall I never never be home again ?  
Meadows of England shining in the rain  
Spread wide your daisied lawns : your ramparts green  
With briar fortify, with blossom screen  
Till my far morning—and O streams that slow  
And pure and deep through plains and playlands go,  
For me your love and all your kingcups store,  
And—dark militia of the southern shore,  
Old fragrant friends—preserve me the last lines  
Of that long saga which you sung me, pines,  
When, lonely boy, beneath the chosen tree  
I listened, with my eyes upon the sea.

[*Continued*]

JAMES ELROY FLECKER

## *The Dying Patriot*

DAY breaks on England down the Kentish hills,  
Singing in the silence of the meadow-footing rills,  
Day of my dreams, O day !

I saw them march from Dover, long ago,  
With a silver cross before them, singing low,  
Monks of Rome from their home where the blue seas break  
in foam,  
Augustine with his feet of snow.

Noon strikes on England, noon on Oxford town,  
—Beauty she was statue cold—there's blood upon her  
gown :

Noon of my dreams, O noon !  
Proud and godly kings had built her, long ago,  
With her towers and tombs and statues all arow,  
With her fair and floral air and the love that lingers there,  
And the streets where the great men go.

Evening on the olden, the golden sea of Wales,  
When the first star shivers and the last wave pales :  
O evening dreams !

There's a house that Britons walked in, long ago,  
Where now the springs of ocean fall and flow,  
And the dead robed in red and sea-lilies overhead  
Sway when the long winds blow.

Sleep not, my country : though night is here, afar  
Your children of the morning are clamorous for war :  
Fire in the night, O dreams !

Though she send you as she sent you, long ago,  
South to desert, east to ocean, west to snow,  
West of these out to seas colder than the Hebrides I  
must go  
Where the fleet of stars is anchored and the young Star-  
captains glow.

JAMES ELROY FLECKER

### *November Eves*

NOVEMBER Evenings ! Damp and still  
They used to cloak Leckhampton hill,  
And lie down close on the grey plain,  
And dim the dripping window-pane,  
And send queer winds like Harlequins  
That seized our elms for violins  
And struck a note so sharp and low  
Even a child could feel the woe.

Now fire chased shadow round the room ;  
Tables and chairs grew vast in gloom :  
We crept about like mice, while Nurse  
Sat mending, solemn as a hearse,  
And even our unlearnèd eyes  
Half closed with choking memories.

Is it the mist or the dead leaves,  
Or the dead men— November eves ?

JAMES ELROY FLECKER

## Star-talk

" ARE you awake, Gemelli,  
This frosty night ? "

" We'll be awake till reveillé,  
Which is Sunrise," say the Gemelli,  
" It's no good trying to go to sleep :  
If there's wine to be got we'll drink it deep,  
But rest is hopeless to-night,  
But rest is hopeless to-night."

" Are you cold too, poor Pleiads,  
This frosty night ? "

" Yes, and so are the Hyads :  
See us cuddle and hug," say the Pleiads,  
" All six in a ring : it keeps us warm :  
We huddle together like birds in a storm :  
It's bitter weather to-night,  
It's bitter weather to-night."

" What do you hunt, Orion,  
This starry night ? "

" The Ram, the Bull and the Lion,  
And the Great Bear," says Orion,  
" With my starry quiver and beautiful belt  
I am trying to find a good thick pelt  
To warm my shoulders to-night,  
To warm my shoulders to-night."

" Did you hear that, Great She-bear,  
This frosty night ? "

" Yes, he's talking of stripping *me* bare,  
Of my own big fur," says the She-bear.

“ I’m afraid of the man and his terrible arrow :  
The thought of it chills my bones to the marrow,  
And the frost so cruel to-night !  
And the frost so cruel to-night ! ”

“ How is your trade, Aquarius,  
This frosty night ? ”

“ Complaints is many and various,  
And my feet are cold,” says Aquarius,  
“ There’s Venus objects to Dolphin-scales,  
And Mars to Crab-spawn found in my pails,  
And the pump has frozen to-night,  
And the pump has frozen to-night.”

ROBERT GRAVES

### *The Kingfisher*

It was the Rainbow gave thee birth,  
And left thee all her lovely hues ;  
And, as her mother’s name was Tears,  
So runs it in thy blood to choose  
For haunts the lonely pools, and keep  
In company with trees that weep.

Go you and, with such glorious hues,  
Live with proud Peacocks in green parks ;  
On lawns as smooth as shining glass,  
Let every feather show its mark ;  
Get thee on boughs and clap thy wings  
Before the windows of proud kings.



Nay, lovely Bird, thou art not vain ;  
Thou hast no proud ambitious mind ;  
I also love a quiet place  
That's green, away from all mankind ;  
A lonely pool, and let a tree  
Sigh with her bosom over me.

WILLIAM H. DAVIES

### *Sheep*

WHEN I was once in Baltimore  
A man came up to me and cried,  
“ Come, I have eighteen hundred sheep,  
And we will sail on Tuesday's tide.

“ If you will sail with me, young man,  
I'll pay you fifty shillings down ;  
These eighteen hundred sheep I take  
From Baltimore to Glasgow town.”

He paid me fifty shillings down,  
I sailed with eighteen hundred sheep ;  
We soon had cleared the harbour's mouth,  
We soon were in the salt sea deep.

The first night we were out at sea  
Those sheep were quiet in their mind ;  
The second night they cried with fear—  
They smelt no pastures in the wind.

They sniffed, poor things, for their green fields,  
They cried so loud I could not sleep :  
For fifty thousand shillings down  
I would not sail again with sheep.

WILLIAM H. DAVIES

*Home Thoughts in Laventie*

GREEN gardens in Laventie !  
Soldiers only know the street  
Where the mud is churned and splashed about  
By battle-wending feet ;  
And yet beside one stricken house there is a glimpse of grass,  
Look for it when you pass.

Beyond the Church whose pitted spire  
Seems balanced on a strand  
Of swaying stone and tottering brick  
Two roofless ruins stand,  
And here behind the wreckage where the back-wall should  
have been  
We found a garden green.

The grass was never trodden on,  
The little path of gravel  
Was overgrown with celandine,  
No other folk did travel  
Along its weedy surface, but the nimble-footed mouse  
Running from house to house.

So all among the vivid blades  
Of soft and tender grass  
We lay, nor heard the limber wheels  
That pass and ever pass,  
In noisy continuity, until their stony rattle  
Seems in itself a battle.

At length we rose up from this ease  
Of tranquil happy mind,  
And searched the garden's little length  
A fresh pleasance to find ;  
And there, some yellow daffodils and jasmine hanging  
high  
Did rest the tired eye.

The fairest and most fragrant  
Of the many sweets we found,  
Was a little bush of Daphne flower  
Upon a grassy mound,  
And so thick were the blossoms set, and so divine the  
scent,  
That we were well content.

Hungry for Spring I bent my head,  
The perfume fanned my face,  
And all my soul was dancing  
In that lovely little place,  
Dancing with a measured step from wrecked and shattered  
towns  
Away . . . upon the Downs.

I saw green banks of daffodil,  
Slim poplars in the breeze,  
Great tan-brown hares in gusty March  
A-courting on the leas ;  
And meadows with their glittering streams, and silver  
scurrying dace,  
Home—what a perfect place !

EDWARD WYNDHAM TENNANT

### *Into Battle*

THE naked earth is warm with Spring,  
And with green grass and bursting trees  
Leans to the sun's gaze glorying,  
And quivers in the sunny breeze ;  
And Life is Colour and Warmth and Light,  
And a striving evermore for these ;  
And he is dead who will not fight ;  
And who dies fighting has increase.

The fighting man shall from the sun  
Take warmth, and life from the glowing earth ;  
Speed with the light-foot winds to run,  
And with the trees to newer birth ;  
And find, when fighting shall be done,  
Great rest, and fullness after dearth.

All the bright company of Heaven  
Hold him in their high comradeship,  
The Dog-Star and the Sisters Seven,  
Orion's Belt and sworded hip.

The woodland trees that stand together,  
They stand to him each one a friend,  
They gently speak in the windy weather ;  
They guide to valley and ridges' end.

The kestrel hovering by day,  
And the little owls that call by night,  
Bid him be swift and keen as they,  
As keen of ear, as swift of sight.

The blackbird sings to him, " Brother, brother,  
If this be the last song you shall sing  
Sing well, for you may not sing another ;  
Brother, sing."

In dreary, doubtful, waiting hours,  
Before the brazen frenzy starts,  
The horses show him nobler powers ;  
O patient eyes, courageous hearts !

And when the burning moment breaks,  
And all things else are out of mind,  
And only Joy of Battle takes  
Him by the throat, and makes him blind—

Though joy and blindness he shall know,  
Not caring much to know, that still,  
Nor lead nor steel shall reach him, so  
That it be not the Destined Will.

The thundering line of battle stands,  
And in the air Death moans and sings ;  
But Day shall clasp him with strong hands,  
And Night shall fold him in soft wings.

JULIAN GRENFELL

*Overheard on a Saltmarsh*

NYMPH, nymph, what are your beads ?  
Green glass, goblin. Why do you stare at them ?  
Give them me.

No.

Give them me. Give them me.

No.

Then I will howl all night in the reeds,  
Lie in the mud and howl for them.

Goblin, why do you love them so ?

They are better than stars or water,  
Better than voices of winds that sing,  
Better than any man's fair daughter,  
Your green glass beads on a silver ring.

Hush, I stole them out of the moon.

Give me your beads. I desire them.

No.

I will howl in a deep lagoon  
For your green glass beads, I love them so.  
Give them me. Give them.

No.

HAROLD MONRO

### *Strange Meetings*

No. X

A FLOWER is looking through the ground,  
Blinking at the April weather ;  
Now a child has seen the flower :  
Now they go and play together.

Now it seems the flower will speak,  
And will call the child its brother—  
But, oh strange forgetfulness !—  
They don't recognize each other.

HAROLD MONRO

### *The Cherry Trees*

THE cherry trees bend over and are shedding  
On the old road where all that passed are dead,  
Their petals, strewing the grass as for a wedding  
This early May morn when there is none to wed.

EDWARD THOMAS

## *The Bells of Heaven*

'TWOULD ring the bells of Heaven  
The wildest peal for years,  
If Parson lost his senses  
And people came to theirs,  
And he and they together  
Knelt down with angry prayers  
For tamed and shabby tigers  
And dancing dogs and bears,  
And wretched, blind pit ponies,  
And little hunted hares.

RALPH HODGSON

## *The Song of Honour*

I CLIMBED a hill as light fell short,  
And rooks came home in scramble sort,  
And filled the trees and flapped and fought  
And sang themselves to sleep ;  
An owl from nowhere with no sound  
Swung by and soon was nowhere found,  
I heard him calling half-way round,  
Holloing loud and deep ;  
A pair of stars, faint pins of light,  
Then many a star, sailed into sight,  
And all the stars, the flower of night,  
Were round me at a leap ;  
To tell how still the valleys lay  
I heard a watch-dog miles away,  
And bells of distant sheep.



I heard no more of bird or bell,  
The mastiff in a slumber fell,  
    I stared into the sky,  
As wondering men have always done  
Since beauty and the stars were one,  
    Though none so hard as I.  
It seemed, so still the valleys were,  
As if the whole world knelt at prayer,  
    Save me and me alone ;  
So pure and wide that silence was  
I feared to bend a blade of grass,  
    And there I stood like stone.

[*Continued*]

RALPH HODGSON

### *Stupidity Street*

I SAW with open eyes  
Singing birds sweet  
Sold in the shops  
For the people to eat,  
Sold in the shops of  
Stupidity Street.

I saw in vision  
The worm in the wheat,  
And in the shops nothing  
For people to eat ;  
Nothing for sale in  
Stupidity Street.

RALPH HODGSON

## *To the Coming Spring*

O PUNCTUAL Spring !

We had forgotten in this winter town  
The days of Summer and the long, long eves.  
But now you come on airy wing,  
With busy fingers spilling baby-leaves  
On all the bushes, and a faint green down  
On ancient trees, and everywhere  
Your warm breath soft with kisses  
Stirs the wintry air,  
And waking us to unimagined blisses.  
Your lightest footprints in the grass  
Are marked by painted crocus-flowers  
And heavy-headed daffodils,  
While little trees blush faintly as you pass.  
The morning and the night  
You bathe with heavenly showers,  
And scatter scentless violets on the rounded hills,  
Drop beneath leafless woods pale primrose posies.  
With magic key, in the new evening light,  
You are unlocking buds that keep the roses ;  
The purple lilac soon will blow above the wall  
And bended boughs in orchards whitely bloom—  
We had forgotten in the Winter's gloom. . . .  
Soon we shall hear the cuckoo call !

MARGARET MACKENZIE

## *Alms in Autumn*

SPINDLE-WOOD, spindle-wood, will you lend me, pray,  
A little flaming lantern to guide me on my way ?  
The fairies all have vanished from the meadow and the glen,  
And I would fain go seeking till I find them once again.  
Lend me now a lantern that I may bear a light  
To find the hidden pathway in the darkness of the night.

Ash-tree, ash-tree, throw me, if you please,  
Throw me down a slender branch of russet-gold keys.  
I fear the gates of Fairyland may all be shut so fast  
That nothing but your magic keys will ever take me past.  
I'll tie them to my girdle, and as I go along  
My heart will find a comfort in the tinkle of their song.

Holly-bush, holly-bush, help me in my task,  
A pocketful of berries is all the alms I ask :  
A pocketful of berries to thread in golden strands  
(I would not go a-visiting with nothing in my hands).  
So fine will be the rosy chains, so gay, so glossy bright,  
They'll set the realms of Fairyland all dancing with delight.

ROSE FYLEMAN

## *I Don't Like Beetles*

I DON'T like beetles, tho' I'm sure they're very good,  
I don't like porridge, tho' my Nanna says I should ;  
I don't like the cistern in the attic where I play,  
And the funny noise the bath makes when the water runs  
away.

I don't like the feeling when my gloves are made of  
silk,  
And that dreadful slimy skinny stuff on top of hot  
milk ;  
I don't like tigers, not even in a book,  
And, I know it's very naughty, but I don't like Cook !

ROSE FYLEMAN

### *Wishes*

I WISH I liked rice pudding,  
I wish I were a twin,  
I wish some day a real live fairy  
Would just come walking in.

I wish when I'm at table  
My feet would touch the floor,  
I wish our pipes would burst next winter,  
Just like they did next door.

I wish that I could whistle  
Real proper grown-up tunes,  
I wish they'd let me sweep the chimneys  
On rainy afternoons.

I've got such heaps of wishes,  
I've only said a few ;  
I wish that I could wake some morning  
And find they'd all come true !

ROSE FYLEMAN

## *Very Nearly !*

I NEVER *quite* saw fairy-folk  
A-dancing in the glade,  
Where, just beyond the hollow oak,  
Their broad green rings are laid :  
But, while behind that oak I hid,  
*One day I very nearly did !*

I never *quite* saw mermaids rise  
Above the twilight sea,  
When sands, left wet, 'neath sunset skies,  
Are blushing rosily :  
But—all alone, those rocks amid—  
*One night I very nearly did !*

I never *quite* saw Goblin Grim  
Who haunts our lumber room  
And pops his head above the rim  
Of that oak chest's deep gloom :  
But once—when Mother raised the lid—  
*I very, very nearly did !*

QUEENIE SCOTT-HOPPER

## *What the Thrush Says*

“ COME and see ! Come and see ! ”  
The Thrush pipes out of the hawthorn-tree :  
And I and Dicky on tiptoe go  
To see what treasures he wants to show.  
His call is clear as a call can be—  
And “ Come and see ! ” he says :  
“ Come and see ! ”

*"Come and see ! Come and see !"*

His house is there in the hawthorn-tree :  
The neatest house that ever you saw,  
Built all of mosses and twigs and straw :  
The folk who built were his wife and he—  
And "Come and see !" he says :  
"Come and see !"

*"Come and see ! Come and see !"*

Within this house there are treasures three :  
So warm and snug in its curve they lie—  
Like three bright bits out of Spring's blue sky.  
We would not hurt them, he knows ; not we !  
So "Come and see !" he says :  
"Come and see !"

*"Come and see ! Come and see !"*

No thrush was ever so proud as he !  
His bright-eyed lady has left those eggs  
For just five minutes to stretch her legs.  
He's keeping guard in the hawthorn-tree,  
And "Come and see !" he says :  
"Come and see !"

*"Come and see ! Come and see !"*

He has no fear of the boys and me.  
He came and shared in our meals, you know,  
In hungry times of the frost and snow.  
So now we share in his Secret Tree  
Where "Come and see !" he says :  
"Come and see !"

QUEENIE SCOTT-HOPPER

## *The Sunset Garden*

I CAN see from the window a little brown house,  
And the garden goes up to the top of the hill.  
    And the sun comes each day,  
    And slips down away  
At the end of the garden an' sleeps there . . . until  
The daylight comes climbing up over the hill.

I do wish I lived in the little brown house,  
Then at night I'd go out to the garden, an' creep  
    Up . . . up . . . then I'd stop,  
    An' lean over the top,  
At the end of the garden, an' so I could peep,  
And see what the sun looks like when it's asleep.

MARION ST JOHN WEBB

## *Sweet as the Breath of the Whin*

SWEET as the breath of the whin  
    Is the thought of my love—  
Sweet as the breath of the whin  
    In the noonday sun—  
Sweet as the breath of the whin  
    In the sun after rain.

Glad as the gold of the whin  
    Is the thought of my love—  
Glad as the gold of the whin  
    Since wandering's done—  
Glad as the gold of the whin  
    Is my heart, home again.

WILFRID WILSON GIBSON

## *The Law the Lawyers Know About*

THE law the lawyers know about  
Is property and land ;  
But why the leaves are on the trees,  
And why the winds disturb the seas,  
Why honey is the food of bees,  
Why horses have such tender knees,  
Why winters come and rivers freeze,  
Why Faith is more than what one sees,  
And Hope survives the worst disease,  
And Charity is more than these,  
They do not understand.

H. D. C. PEPLER

## *All is Spirit and Part of Me*

A GREATER lover none can be,  
And all is spirit and part of me.  
I am sway of the rolling hills,  
And breath from the great wide plains ;  
I am born of a thousand storms,  
And grey with the rushing rains ;  
I have stood with the age-long rocks,  
And flowered with the meadow sweet ;  
I have fought with the wind-worn firs,  
And bent with the ripening wheat ;  
I have watched with the solemn clouds,  
And dreamt with the moorland pools ;  
I have raced with the water's whirl,  
And lain where their anger cools ;



I have hovered as strong-winged bird,  
And swooped as I saw my prey ;  
I have risen with cold grey dawn,  
And flamed in the dying day ;  
For all is spirit and part of me,  
And greater lover none can be.

L. D'O. WALTERS

### *Seville*

I KNOW not Seville,  
Yet in dreams I see  
The April roses  
Climb from tree to tree,  
And foam the houses  
Till they seem to me  
Great waves of blossom  
From a crimson sea.

I know not Seville,  
Yet in dreams I see  
The drooping petals  
Falling languidly,  
And find the shadow  
Where the grass is red  
And white with roses  
On a sun-warmed bed !

I know not Seville,  
Yet I feel the night  
Grow heavy scented,  
Starred with roses white,

And low-toned singers,  
Up and down the street,  
Breathe only roses,  
Fallen at their feet.

L. D'O. WALTERS

*Street Lanterns*

COUNTRY roads are yellow and brown.  
We mend the roads in London town.

Never a hansom dare come nigh,  
Never a cart goes rolling by.

An unwonted silence steals  
In between the turning wheels.

Quickly ends the autumn day,  
And the workman goes his way,

Leaving, midst the traffic rude,  
One small isle of solitude,

Lit, throughout the lengthy night,  
By the little lantern's light.

Jewels of the dark have we,  
Brighter than the rustic's be.

Over the dull earth are thrown  
Topaz, and the ruby stone.

MARY E. COLERIDGE

*To Betsey-Jane, on her Desiring to go  
Incontinently to Heaven*

MY Betsey-Jane, it would not do,  
For what would Heaven make of you,  
A little, honey-loving bear,  
Among the Blessèd Babies there ?

Nor do you dwell with us in vain  
Who tumble and get up again  
And try, with bruised knees, to smile—  
Sweet, you are blessèd all the while

And we in you : so wait, they'll come  
To take your hand and fetch you home,  
In Heavenly leaves to play at tents  
With all the Holy Innocents.

HELEN PARRY EDEN

*The Bridge*

HERE, with one leap,  
The bridge that spans the cutting ; on its back  
The load  
Of the main-road,  
And under it the railway-track.  
Into the plains they sweep,  
Into the solitary plains asleep,

The flowing lines, the parallel lines of steel—  
Fringed with their narrow grass,  
Into the plains they pass,  
The flowing lines, like arms of mute appeal.

A cry  
Prolonged across the earth—a call  
To the remote horizons and the sky ;  
The whole east rushes down them with its light,  
And the whole west receives them, with its pall  
Of stars and night—  
The flowing lines, the parallel lines of steel.

And with the fall  
Of darkness, see ! the red,  
Bright anger of the signal, where it flares  
Like a huge eye that stares  
On some hid danger in the dark ahead.  
A twang of wire—unseen  
The signal drops ; and now, instead  
Of a red eye, a green.

Out of the silence grows  
An iron thunder—grows, and roars, and sweeps,  
Menacing ! The plain  
Suddenly leaps,  
Startled, from its repose—  
Alert and listening. Now, from the gloom  
Of the soft distance, loom  
Three lights and, over them, a brush  
Of tawny flame and flying spark—

Three pointed lights that rush,  
Monstrous, upon the cringing dark.

And nearer, nearer rolls the sound,  
Louder the throb and roar of wheels,  
The shout of speed, the shriek of steam ;  
The sloping bank,  
Cut into flashing squares, gives back the clank  
And grind of metal, while the ground  
Shudders and the bridge reels—  
As, with a scream,  
The train,  
A rage of smoke, a laugh of fire,  
A lighted anguish of desire,  
A dream  
Of gold and iron, of sound and flight,  
Tumultuous roars across the night.

The train roars past—and, with a cry,  
Drowned in a flying howl of wind,  
Half stifled in the smoke and blind,  
The plain,  
Shaken, exultant, unconfined,  
Rises, flows on, and follows, and sweeps by,  
Shrieking, to lose itself in distance and the sky.

J. REDWOOD ANDERSON

## *Allotments*

MONOTONOUS and regular  
And mournful the allotments lie,  
And night,  
As if to hide their misery from sight,  
Falls, fold on fold, from the cold winter sky.

A stretch of wretched garden-land  
Backed by a row of tenements that cringe  
—Monotonous and regular—  
Upon the city's outer fringe.

Between it and the pavement-edge  
Straggles a torn and ragged hedge ;  
And, here and there about it, stand  
Rude sheds of planking smeared with tar ;  
While, in a corner, a rough mast and spar  
Flutters for flag  
A tattered filthiness of rag.

There in this world of fog and smoke  
—Monotonous and regular—  
Bent figures move about ;  
They are the pitiable folk  
From their long day of toil let out—  
From their day-labour in the factory  
That looms, a square-cut menace on the sky,  
Near by.

Here, one will plant potatoes, row on row  
—Monotonous and regular—  
Another, here, will grow  
Carrots and turnips, beans and peas,  
Or green and purple cabbages ;  
While each will sow  
Nasturtium or sweet-pea—some flower to bring  
Him light and gladness in the spring.

Though scarce shall the bud break, till from the  
air

Damp soot shall fall to shroud it in despair—  
Though every leaf  
Shall hide its hope in hoods of grief—  
Though no flower-scent shall purify  
This stench of oil, this reek of smoke,  
Where a poor starved humanity,  
And its poor produce, starved and stultified,  
Grow side by side.

So far from nature's first intent,  
So far from what the brown earth meant,  
So far from what the wind and wet,  
The seasons and the sun,  
In many an unlaborious field have done !  
And yet,  
When one of these poor folk  
Shall stand and gaze in summer's easier hours  
Upon the humbled beauty of his flowers,

Not Adam in his Paradise  
Beheld with more of worship in his eyes  
The first  
Rare rose that burst  
In lovely wonder to the skies.

Monotonous and regular  
And mournful the allotments lie—  
While night,  
As if to hide their misery from sight,  
Falls, fold on fold, from the cold catafalque of sky.

J. REDWOOD ANDERSON

### *February*

THE robin on my lawn  
He was the first to tell  
How, in the frozen dawn,  
This miracle befell,  
Waking the meadows white  
With hoar, the iron road  
Agleam with splintered light,  
And ice where water flowed :  
Till, when the low sun drank  
Those milky mists that cloak  
Hanger and hollied bank,  
The winter world awoke  
To hear the feeble bleat  
Of lambs on downland farms :  
A blackbird whistled sweet ;  
Old beeches moved their arms



Into a mellow haze  
Aerial, newly-born :  
And I, alone, agaze,  
Stood waiting for the thorn  
To break in blossom white,  
Or burst in a green flame. . . .  
So, in a single night,  
Fair February came,  
Bidding my lips to sing  
Or whisper their surprise,  
With all the joy of spring  
And morning in her eyes.

FRANCIS BRETT YOUNG

### *Sea-foam*

A FLECK of foam on the shining sand,  
Left by the ebbing sea,  
But richer than man may understand  
In magic and mystery—  
Transient bubbles rainbow-bright,  
Myriad-hued and strange,  
Tremble and throb in the noonday light,  
Flower and flush and change.

A million tides have come and gone,  
Great gales of autumn and spring,  
A million summoning moons have shone  
To bring to birth this thing—

A foam-fleck left on the ribbed wet sand  
By the wave of an outgoing sea,  
With all the colour of Faeryland,  
Wonder and mystery.

TERESA HOOLEY

### *A Petition*

ALL that a man might ask, thou hast given me, England,  
Birth-right and happy childhood's long heart's-ease,  
And love whose range is deep beyond all sounding  
And wider than all seas.

A heart to front the world and find God in it,  
Eyes blind enow, but not too blind to see  
The lovely things behind the dross and darkness,  
And lovelier things to be.

And friends whose loyalty time nor death shall weaken,  
And quenchless hope and laughter's golden store ;  
All that a man might ask, thou hast given me, England,  
Yet grant thou one thing more :

That now when envious foes would spoil thy splendour,  
Unversed in arms, a dreamer such as I  
May in thy ranks be deemed not all unworthy,  
England, for thee to die.

R. E. VERNÈDE

## *Black and White*

I MET a man along the road  
    To Withernsea ;  
Was ever anything so dark, so pale  
    As he ?  
His hat, his clothes, his tie, his boots  
    Were black as black  
    Could be,  
And midst of all was a cold white face,  
And eyes that looked wearily.  
The road was bleak and straight and flat  
    To Withernsea,  
Gaunt poles with shrilling wires their weird  
    Did dree ;  
On the sky stood out, on the swollen sky,  
    The black blood veins  
    Of tree  
After tree, as they beat from the face  
Of the wind which they could not flee.  
And in the fields along the road  
    To Withernsea,  
Swart crows sat huddled on the ground  
    Disconsolately,  
While overhead the seamews wheeled, and skirled  
    In glee ;  
But the black cows stood, and cropped where they stood,  
    And never heeded thee,  
O dark pale man, with the weary eyes,  
    On the road to Withernsea.

H. H. ABBOTT

## *The Oxen*

CHRISTMAS EVE, and twelve of the clock.

“Now they are all on their knees,”  
An elder said as we sat in a flock  
By the embers in hearthside ease.

We pictured the meek mild creatures where  
They dwelt in their strawy pen,  
Nor did it occur to one of us there  
To doubt they were kneeling then.

So fair a fancy few believe  
In these years ! Yet, I feel,  
If some one said on Christmas Eve  
“Come ; see the oxen kneel

In the lonely barton by yonder coomb  
Our childhood used to know,”  
I should go with him in the gloom,  
Hoping it might be so.

THOMAS HARDY

## *Before the Cenotaph*

*Armistice Day*

NOT with dark pomp of death we keep their day,  
Theirs who have passed beyond the sight of men,  
O'er whom the autumn strews its gold again,  
And the grey sky bends to an earth as grey ;  
But we who live are silent even as they  
While the world's heart marks one deep throb ; and then,  
Touched by the gleam of suns beyond our ken,  
The stone of honour crowns the trodden way.

Above the people whom they died to save  
Their shrine of sleep is set ; abideth there  
No dust corruptible, nought that death may have ;  
But from remembrance of the days that were  
Rises proud sorrow, in a resistless wave  
That breaks upon the empty sepulchre.

DOROTHY MARGARET STUART

## *Elizabeth's Song*

SHINING white clouds in the cherry trees tangled,  
And over the orchard snowing ;  
Silver wild cherries on the hill-side spangled,  
And bright among bronze oaks blowing :  
So white, so bright, so fragrantly  
Heart's delight blossoms in me.

Swallows come back to their endless careering  
In love and in finest feather ;  
Swerving down, close to the cowslips nearing,  
Then high in the golden weather :  
In air so bright, with such a flight,  
Dances on wings my heart's delight.

LASCELLES ABERCROMBIE

### *The Dromedary*

IN dreams I see the Dromedary still,  
As once in a gay park I saw him stand :  
A thousand eyes in vulgar wonder scanned  
His hump and hairy neck, and gazed their fill  
At his lank shanks and mocked with laughter shrill.  
He never moved : and if his Eastern land  
Flashed on his eye with stretches of hot sand,  
It wrung no mute appeal from his proud will.  
He blinked upon the rabble lazily ;  
And still some trace of majesty forlorn  
And a coarse grace remained : his head was high,  
Though his gaunt flanks with a great mange were worn  
There was not any yearning in his eye,  
But on his lips and nostril infinite scorn.

A. Y. CAMPBELL

### *The Poplar*

WHY do you always stand there shivering  
Between the white stream and the road ?

The people pass through the dust  
On bicycles, in carts, in motor-cars ;  
The wagoners go by at dawn ;  
The lovers walk on the grass path at night.  
Stir from your roots, walk, poplar ;  
You are more beautiful than they are.

I know that the white wind loves you,  
Is always kissing you, and turning up  
The white lining of your green petticoat.  
The sky darts through you like blue rain,  
And the grey rain drips on your flanks  
And loves you.

And I have seen the moon  
Slip his silver penny into your pocket  
As you straightened your hair ;  
And the white mist curling and hesitating  
Like a bashful lover about your knees.

I know you, poplar ;  
I have watched you since I was ten.  
But if you had a little real love,  
A little strength,  
You would leave your nonchalant idle lovers  
And go walking down the white road  
Behind the wagoners.

There are beautiful beeches down beyond the hill.  
Will you always stand there shivering ?

RICHARD ALDINGTON

## *Autumn*

I LOVE to see, when leaves depart,  
The clear anatomy arrive,  
Winter, the paragon of art,  
That kills all forms of life and feeling  
Save what is pure and will survive.

Already now the clanging chains  
Of geese are harnessed to the moon :  
Stripped are the great sun-clouding planes :  
And the dark pines, their own revealing,  
Let in the needles of the noon.

Strained by the gale the olives whiten  
Like hoary wrestlers bent with toil,  
And, with the vines, their branches lighten  
To brim our vats where summer lingers  
In the red froth and sun-gold oil.

Soon on our hearth's reviving pyre  
Their rotted stems will crumble up :  
And like a ruby, panting fire,  
The grape will redden on your fingers  
Through the lit crystal of the cup.

ROY CAMPBELL

## *The House of Ghosts*

FIRST to describe the house. Who has not seen it  
once at the end of an evening's walk—the leaves  
that suddenly open, and as sudden screen it  
with the first flickering hint of shadowy eaves ?



Was there a light in the high window ? Or  
only the moon's cool candle palely lit ?  
Was there a pathway leading to the door ?  
Or only grass and none to walk on it ?

And surely some one cried, " Who goes there—  
who ? "

And ere the lips could shape the whispered " I,"  
the same voice rose, and chuckled, " You, 'tis you ! "  
A voice, or the furred night-owl's human cry ?

Who has not seen the house ? Who has not started  
towards the gate half seen, and paused, half fearing,  
and half beyond all fear—and the leaves parted  
again, and there was nothing in the clearing ?

HUMBERT WOLFE

### *Epitaph on an Army of Mercenaries*

THESE, in the day when heaven was falling,  
The hour when earth's foundations fled,  
Followed their mercenary calling  
And took their wages and are dead.

Their shoulders held the sky suspended ;  
They stood, and earth's foundations stay ;  
What God abandoned, these defended,  
And saved the sum of things for pay.

A. E. HOUSMAN

## *Winter the Huntsman*

THROUGH his iron glades  
Rides Winter the Huntsman.  
All colour fades  
As his horn is heard sighing.

Far through the forest  
His wild hooves crash and thunder,  
Till many a mighty branch  
Is torn asunder.

And the red reynard creeps  
To his hole near the river,  
The copper leaves fall  
And the bare trees shiver,

As night creeps from the ground,  
Hides each tree from its brother,  
And each dying sound  
Reveals yet another.

Is it Winter the Huntsman  
Who gallops through his iron glades,  
Cracking his cruel whip  
To the gathering shades ?

OSBERT SITWELL

## *Cloudy June*

ABOVE the hedge the spearman thistle towers  
And thinks himself the god of all he sees ;  
But nettles jostle fearless where he glowers,  
Like old and stained and sullen tapestries ;  
And elbowing hemlocks almost turn to trees,  
Proud as the sweetbriar with her bubble flowers,  
Where puft green spider cowers  
To trap the toiling bees.

Here joy shall muse what melancholy tells,  
And melancholy smile because of joy,  
Whether the poppy breathe Arabian spells  
To make them friends, or whistling gipsy-boy  
Sound them a truce that nothing comes to cloy.  
No sunray burns through this slow cloud, nor swells  
Noise save the browsing-bells,  
Half sorrow and half joy.

Night comes ; from fens where blind grey castles frown  
A veiled moon ventures on the cavernous sky.  
No stir, no tassel-tremble on the down :  
Mood dims to nothing : atom-like I lie  
Where nightjars burr and barking fox steps by  
And hedgehogs talk and play in glimmering brown ;  
Passions in such night drown,  
Nor tell me I am I.

EDMUND BLUNDEN

## *The Poor Man's Pig*

ALREADY fallen plum-bloom stars the green,  
And apple-boughs as knarred as old toads' backs  
Wear their small roses ere a rose is seen ;  
The building thrush watches old Job who stacks  
The fresh-peeled osiers on the sunny fence,  
The pent sow grunts to hear him stumping by,  
And tries to push the bolt and scamper thence,  
But her ringed snout still keeps her to the sty.

Then out he lets her run ; away she snorts  
In bundling gallop for the cottage door,  
With hungry hubbub begging crusts and orts,  
Then like the whirlwind bumping round once more ;  
Nuzzling the dog, making the pullets run,  
And sulky as a child when her play's done.

EDMUND BLUNDEN

## *Virgin Gold*

FAIR-HAIRED barley, the summer's child,  
Grew that year in the corner field—  
I never walked there without going  
Slowly to see the barley growing.

It had a voice more soft than the wave,  
It had a gleam that waters have—  
As bright as glass I saw it glisten,  
I heard it whisper and stood to listen.

Three long hills, three miles away,  
Blue as a blue cornflower were they—  
The barley, moving like a sea,  
Laid its pale locks against my knee.

Thinking of this, again I stand,  
And feel its coolness touch my hand—  
The pale, cool barley, that is ever  
Beautiful as a flowing river.

Lovely its stir in summer's breath ;  
Lovely the knife they reap it with—  
Like the small moon of summer eves  
The sickle that cuts the barley sheaves !

And like a lover's every tress  
Gathered within the mute caress  
Of the warm leaning stooks—where fold  
The pretty locks of virgin gold.

SYLVIA LYND

## PART II

### *When We Were Boys*

WHEN I was very young indeed  
They always wanted me to weed  
The garden path, and mow the lawn—  
I started at the crack of dawn  
And carried on till dewy eve :  
Or, so I made myself believe.

To-day, with my increasing weight,  
My heart is in an awful state,  
And stooping down to pull a weed  
Might make me very ill indeed.  
Such simple tasks, to tell the truth,  
Are still the privilege of youth.

REGINALD ARKELL

### *Myself as Indian*

*(For Dunstan Thompson)*

THERE is a boyhood photograph  
In which I stand, a mighty Indian chief  
With feathers in my cap and in my hand  
A deadly tomahawk of painted wood.  
The throne of the Incas ? It is mine by right,  
A kingdom fool grown-ups not understand—

No, never—where, myself as Indian,  
I rule a people that is just and good  
And for its eminence does not need might.  
Now, looking on this photograph, what follows?  
Do I who stand, the merest Englishman,  
With such a past behind me, suffer sin  
Now, who once romped amid the grassy hollows  
Shooting my pointless arrows at the swallows?  
Am I no longer such—a lonely chief  
Encaptured in a boyhood photograph?  
The throne of the Incas? Oh, I have grown since then,  
Become a man; but not an Indian.

NICHOLAS MOORE

### *Romance*

WHEN I was but thirteen or so  
I went into a golden land,  
Chimborazo, Cotopaxi,  
Took me by the hand.

My father died, my brother too,  
They passed like fleeting dreams.  
I stood where Popocatapetl  
In the sunlight gleams.

I dimly heard the Master's voice  
And boys far-off at play,  
Chimborazo, Cotopaxi,  
Had stolen me away.

I walked in a great golden dream  
To and fro from school—  
Shining Popocatpetl,  
The dusty streets did rule.

I walked home with a gold dark boy  
And never a word I'd say,  
Chimborazo, Cotopaxi,  
Had taken my speech away :

I gazed entranced upon his face  
Fairer than any flower—  
O shining Popocatpetl,  
It was thy magic hour :

The houses, people, traffic seemed  
Thin fading dreams by day,  
Chimborazo, Cotopaxi,  
They had stolen my soul away !

W. J. TURNER

### *Homeward Bound*

AFTER long labouring in the windy ways,  
On smooth and shining tides  
Swiftly the great ship glides,  
Her storms forgot, her weary watches past ;  
Northward she glides, and through the enchanted haze  
Faint on the verge her far hope dawns at last.



The phantom sky-line of a shadowy down,  
Whose pale white cliffs below  
Through sunny mist aglow,  
Like noon-day ghosts of summer moonshine gleam—  
Soft as old sorrow, bright as old renown,  
There lies the home of all our mortal dream.

HENRY NEWBOLT

### *Kingdoms*

The sailor tells the children  
His stories of the sea,  
Their eyes look over the water  
To where his wonders be :

The flowers as big as teacups,  
The great big butterflies,  
The long unfooted beaches  
Where stored-up treasure lies.

More than a thousand islands  
Each curved around its pool :  
All kingdoms filled with sunlight,  
Where no one goes to school ;

The fish that leave the water  
In sudden bends of light ;  
The birds as blue as china ;  
The flies that gleam by night . . .

Till, slowly, I remember  
A wistful place ; and then—  
The story of that Kingdom  
First told to longshoremen.

OLIVER ST JOHN GOGARTY

### *Rank and File*

*Written upon the 450th anniversary of the first sighting of land by  
Rodrigo de Triana, a seaman in one of the caravels accompanying  
Christopher Columbus*

ONE held the New World in his eye,  
Treasure beyond the gold and Indians his pocket yearned.  
Rodrigo de Triana was his name,  
Seaman in *Nina*, one of the caravels.  
Little I know of him. For all his fame  
Is the name of him, centuries in print,  
By this chance earned.

Did he grow old, bearing that image,  
The New World, land seen on a Friday ?  
Did he tell the tale : “ It was October,  
The twelfth of the month, in the morning . . . ” ?

Out of the alleys and arches and inns of Europe,  
Such sailed with handiness and seaman skill,  
Plighting here love and there goodwill,  
Familiars to whom a story could be told  
Of America, rarer than Indians and gold.

Rodrigo, Rodrigo, seaman look-out,  
The New World held in his eye ;  
Unlettered, tongue-tied, in the European triumph  
For Don Columbus under the hot royal sky.  
Upon what tide of chance and humble fortune  
—A sailor's, soldier's, airman's treasure in his head—  
Nothing in hand, did he yield his body to a last sea-bed !

Leaving a kiss or a name in print or sons so bred  
Gladly to ride the elements, not for a tale to be told  
Of America, Europe or gold,  
But because the eye is wide and blood is red.

JOHN PUDNEY

### *The Moon is Up*

THE moon is up : the stars are bright :  
The wind is fresh and free !  
We're out to seek for gold to-night  
Across the silver sea !  
The world was growing grey and old :  
Break out the sails again !  
We're out to seek a Realm of Gold  
Beyond the Spanish Main.

We're sick of all the cringing knees,  
The courtly smiles and lies !  
God, let Thy singing Channel breeze  
Lighten our hearts and eyes !

Let love no more be bought and sold  
For earthly loss or gain ;  
We're out to seek an Age of Gold  
Beyond the Spanish Main.

Beyond the light of far Cathay,  
Beyond all mortal dreams,  
Beyond the reach of night and day  
Our El Dorado gleams,  
Revealing—as the skies unfold—  
A star without a stain,  
The Glory of the Gates of Gold  
Beyond the Spanish Main.

ALFRED NOYES

### *The Volunteer*

HERE lies the clerk who half his life had spent  
Toiling at ledgers in a city grey,  
Thinking that so his days would drift away  
With no lance broken in life's tournament :  
Yet ever 'twixt the books and his bright eyes  
The gleaming eagles of the legions came,  
And horsemen, charging under phantom skies,  
Went thundering past beneath the oriflamme.

And now those waiting dreams are satisfied ;  
From twilight to the halls of dawn he went ;  
His lance is broken ; but he lies content  
With that high hour, in which he lived and died.

And falling thus, he wants no recompense,  
Who found his battle in the last resort ;  
Nor needs he any hearse to bear him hence,  
Who goes to join the men of Agincourt.

HERBERT ASQUITH

### *For the Fallen*

WITH proud thanksgiving, a mother for her children,  
England mourns for her dead across the sea,  
Flesh of her flesh they were, spirit of her spirit,  
Fallen in the cause of the free.

Solemn the drums thrill : Death august and royal  
Sings sorrow up into immortal spheres,  
There is music in the midst of desolation  
And a glory that shines upon our tears.

They went with songs to the battle, they were young,  
Straight of limb, true of eye, steady and aglow.  
They were staunch to the end against odds uncounted,  
They fell with their faces to the foe.

They shall grow not old, as we that are left grow old :  
Age shall not weary them, nor the years condemn.  
At the going down of the sun and in the morning  
We will remember them.

They mingle not with their laughing comrades again ;  
They sit no more at familiar tables of home ;  
They have no lot in our labour of the day-time :  
They sleep beyond England's foam.

But where our desires are and our hopes profound,  
Felt as a well-spring that is hidden from sight,  
To the innermost heart of their own land they are known  
As the stars are known to the Night ;

As the stars that shall be bright when we are dust  
Moving in marches upon the heavenly plain,  
As the stars that are starry in the time of our darkness,  
To the end, to the end, they remain.

LAURENCE BINYON

### *All Day It Has Rained*

ALL day it has rained, and we on the edge of the moors  
Have sprawled in our bell-tents, moody and dull as boors,  
Groundsheets and blankets spread on the muddy ground.  
And from the first grey waking we have found  
No refuge from the skirmishing fine rain  
And the wind that made the bell-tents heave and flap  
And the taut wet guy ropes ravel out and snap.  
All day the rain has glided, wave and mist and dream,  
Drenching the gorse and heather, a gossamer stream  
Too light to move the acorns that suddenly  
Snatched from the cups by the wild south-westerly  
Pattered against the tent and our upturned dreaming faces.  
And we stretched out, unbuttoning our braces,  
Smoking a woodbine, darning dirty socks,  
Reading the Sunday papers—I saw a fox  
And mentioned it in the note I scribbled home—  
And we talked of girls and dropping bombs on Rome

And thought of the quiet dead and the loud celebrities  
Exhorting us to slaughter and the herded refugees ;  
Yet thought softly, morosely of them, and as indifferently  
As of ourselves and those whom we for years  
Have loved and will again  
To-morrow, maybe, love : but now it is the rain  
Possesses us, the darkness and the rain.

And I can remember nothing dearer or more to my heart  
Than the children I watched in the woods on Saturday  
Shaking down burning chestnuts for the school-yard's  
    merry play,  
Or the shaggy, patient dog who followed me  
Through Sheet and Steep and up the wooded scree  
To the Shoulder o' Mutton where Edward Thomas brooded  
    long  
On death and beauty till a bullet stopped his song.

ALUN LEWIS

*August 1941*

Plough the big meadow Frogsmead. Up and down  
The tractor travels its repeating road.  
Down ; turn ; back ; chunking, changing green to brown,  
The ugly engine waddling like a toad.

Squat, staid, mechanical and dull-demure  
This monster child of husbandry impure  
Cuts four-fold wound regardless of the load,  
Where once with single share the ploughman strode,  
Each furrow a completed episode.

There was a loving-kindness in the share  
Drawn by big horses through the grateful soil,  
Lacked by these fangs that regularly tear  
Effortless gashes with no pain of toil.  
Noble in drawing, once, the country theme ;  
Noble in pattern ploughman and his team ;  
A seemly ordinance of proud esteem.

Callous mechanic on the driving-seat  
Sits bumping from the meadow far apart ;  
His pistons dearer than a horse's heart,  
His carburettor than the future wheat.

Plough the big meadow ! Churn the mushroom spawn !  
No longer shall small domes of ivory  
Crouch tight against the ground while plovers cry  
And sea-gulls settle, Kentish-inland drawn.

These birds will come, but I, alas, but I  
Will go no longer with my basket filled  
With rounded mushrooms, fresh and pinkly gilled,  
From wide wet grasses of a summer dawn.

V. SACKVILLE-WEST

### *Wreck*

CRIPPLED in this coniferous valley like a crow  
shot down in flight, the sombre Messerschmitt  
lies stark and dead against the indifferent snow.  
The contemptuous winter lays her white on it.



—and thus this metal vulture fell to be  
a shattered thing among our English snows,  
and wings that bear the mark of Germany  
are bent black fins that keep away the crows.

HERBERT CORBY

### *For This Time*

Now that the firmament on high,  
Noah's peace-promising sky,  
Is given over to an enemy,  
And that those durable lights the stars  
Fuse and explode, and friendly fires  
Are travestied in the bomb's brightness,  
And homes made hostile as the darkness ;  
Now country people look towards town,  
And awestruck see the crimson stain  
Spread on the cloud, and *London's burning*  
Say in grief as once laughing :  
From such a conflict, fire and frenzy,  
Where should we turn unless, Lord, to Thee ?  
That Thou wouldst teach us to bear calmly  
The invisible battles overhead,  
And to get us through the night without dread.  
Teach us therefore so to live  
That we may fear our noisy bed  
As little as our more peaceful grave.

ANNE RIDLER

## *Rare Birds*

THEY tempt the bittern back to nest,  
He beats the unwarlike drum  
Where Danish bones with Saxon rest,  
While through the night there come  
Again long-exiled beauties to their former home.

But the bird Peace withholds her wing :  
She cannot build and be  
The fireless Phœnix of the spring  
By our green northern sea,  
Nor feed beside the Mediterranean tranquilly.

O fair in that remembered oak  
She smoothed her silver snow,  
And fed her sacred young, and spoke  
Like beauty from the bough :  
But no one knows where she inhabits now.

RUTH PITTER

## *"Look, Stranger . . ."*

LOOK, stranger, at this island now  
The leaping light for your delight discovers,  
Stand stable here  
And silent be,  
That through the channels of the ear  
May wander like a river  
The swaying sound of the sea.

Here at the small field's ending pause  
Where the chalk wall falls to the foam, and its tall  
    ledges  
Oppose the pluck  
And knock of the tide,  
And the shingle scrambles after the sucking surf, and the  
    gull lodges  
A moment on its sheer side.

Far off like floating seeds the ships  
Diverge on urgent voluntary errands ;  
And the full view  
Indeed may enter  
And move in memory as now these clouds do,  
That pass the harbour mirror  
And all the summer through the water saunter.

W. H. AUDEN

### *Chanclebury Ring*

SAY what you will, there is not in the world  
A nobler sight than from this upper down.  
No rugged landscape here, no beauty hurled  
From its Creator's hand as with a frown ;  
But a green plain on which green hills look down  
Trim as a garden plot. No other hue  
Can hence be seen, save here and there the brown  
Of a square fallow, and the horizon's blue.

Dear checker-work of woods, the Sussex weald,  
If a name thrills me yet of things of earth,  
That name is thine ! How often I have fled  
To thy deep hedgerows and embraced each field,  
Each lag, each pasture—fields which gave me birth  
And saw my youth, and which must hold me dead.

WILFRID SCAWEN BLUNT

### *Prelude (1)*

THE winter evening settles down  
With smells of steaks in passageways.  
Six o'clock.  
The burnt-out ends of smoky days.  
And now a gusty shower wraps  
The grimy scraps  
Of withered leaves about your feet  
And newspapers from vacant lots ;  
The showers beat  
On broken blinds and chimney-pots,  
And at the corner of the street  
A lonely cab-horse steams and stamps.  
And then the lighting of the lamps.

T. S. ELIOT

### *The Swans*

How lovely are these swans,  
That float like high proud galleons,  
Cool in the heat,  
And waving leaf-like feet

Divide with narrow breasts of snow  
In a smooth surge  
This water that is mostly sky ;  
So lovely that I know  
Death cannot kill such birds,  
It could but wound them, mortally.

ANDREW YOUNG

### *Horses*

THOSE lumbering horses in the steady plough,  
On the bare field—I wonder why, just now,  
They seemed so terrible, so wild and strange,  
Like magic power on the stony grange.

Perhaps some childish hour has come again,  
When I watched fearful, through the blackening rain,  
Their hooves like pistons in an ancient mill  
Move up and down, yet seem as standing still.

Their conquering hooves which trod the stubble down  
Were ritual which turned the field to brown,  
And their great hulks were seraphim of gold,  
Or mute ecstatic monsters on the mould.

And oh the rapture, when, one furrow done,  
They marched broad-breasted to the sinking sun !  
The light flew off their bossy sides in flakes ;  
The furrows rolled behind like struggling snakes.

But when at dusk with steaming nostrils home  
They came, they seemed gigantic in the gloam,  
And warm and glowing with mysterious fire,  
Which lit their smouldering bodies in the mire.

Their eyes as brilliant and as wide as night  
Gleamed with a cruel apocalyptic sight.  
Their manes the leaping ire of the wind  
Lifted with rage invisible and blind.

Ah, now it fades ! it fades ! and I must pine  
Again for that dread country crystalline,  
Where the blank field and the still-standing tree  
Were bright and fearful presences to me.

EDWIN MUIR

### *The Wasp*

OUT of the summer's gold and blue,  
Into the noisome bus it flew,  
It buzzed and glittered up and down,  
But still a frightened scowl, a frown  
It met, and still a surly eye  
Of dead-alive humanity,  
And sordid headgear, black and grey,  
To beat its golden life away ;  
Till, even as Orpheus from dark places,  
It left that Hades of dead faces,

And all about me, every sad  
And frowning ghost looked tiredly glad ;  
And I, I too, was happy when  
That sunlight joined the sun again.

SEUMAS O'SULLIVAN

### *Snake*

A SNAKE came to my water-trough  
On a hot, hot day, and I in pyjamas for the heat,  
To drink there.  
In the deep, strange-scented shade of the great dark carob-  
tree  
I came down the steps with my pitcher  
And must wait, must stand and wait, for there he was at  
the trough before me.  
He reached down from a fissure in the earth-wall in the  
gloom  
And trailed his yellow-brown slackness soft-bellied down,  
over the edge of the stone trough  
And rested his throat upon the stone bottom,  
And where the water had dripped from the tap, in a small  
clearness,  
He sipped with his straight mouth,  
Softly drank through his straight gums, into his slack long  
body,  
Silently.

Some one was before me at my water-trough,  
And I, like a second comer, waiting.

He lifted his head from his drinking, as cattle do,  
And looked at me vaguely, as drinking cattle do,  
And flickered his two-forked tongue from his lips, and  
    mused a moment,  
And stooped and drank a little more,  
Being earth-brown, earth-golden from the burning, burning  
    bowels of the earth  
On the day of Sicilian July, with Etna smoking.

The voice of my education said to me  
He must be killed,  
For in Sicily the black, black snakes are innocent, the gold  
    are venomous.  
And voices in me said, If you were a man  
You would take a stick and break him now, and finish him  
    off.

But must I confess how I liked him,  
How glad I was he had come like a guest in quiet, to drink  
    at my water-trough  
And depart peaceful, pacified, and thankless,  
Into the burning bowels of this earth ?

Was it cowardice, that I dared not kill him ?  
Was it perversity, that I longed to talk to him ?  
Was it humility, to feel so honoured ?  
I felt so honoured.

And yet those voices :  
*If you were not afraid, you would kill him !*



And truly I was afraid, I was most afraid,  
But even so, honoured still more  
That he should seek my hospitality  
From out the dark door of the secret earth.

He drank enough  
And lifted his head, dreamily, as one who has drunken,  
And flickered his tongue like a forked night on the air, so  
black,  
Seeming to lick his lips,  
And looked around like a god, unseeing, into the air,  
And slowly turned his head,  
And slowly, very slowly, as if thrice adream,  
Proceeded to draw his slow length curving round  
And climb again the broken bank of my wall-face.

And as he put his head into that dreadful hole,  
And as he slowly drew up, snake-easing his shoulders, and  
entered farther,  
A sort of horror, a sort of protest against his withdrawing  
into that horrid black hole,  
Deliberately going into the blackness, and slowly drawing  
himself after,  
Overcame me now his back was turned.

I looked round, I put down my pitcher,  
I picked up a clumsy log  
And threw it at the water-trough with a clatter.

I think it did not hit him,  
But suddenly that part of him that was left behind convulsed  
    in undignified haste,  
Writhed like lightning, and was gone  
Into the black hole, the earth-lipped fissure in the wall-front,  
At which, in the intense still noon, I stared with fascination.

And immediately I regretted it.  
I thought how paltry, how vulgar, what a mean act !  
I despised myself and the voices of my accursed human  
    education.

And I thought of the albatross,  
And I wished he would come back, my snake.  
For he seemed to me again like a king,  
Like a king in exile, uncrowned in the underworld,  
Now due to be crowned again.

And so, I missed my chance with one of the lords  
Of life.

And I have something to expiate ;  
A pettiness.

D. H. LAWRENCE

### *Cheddar Pinks*

MID the squander'd colour  
    idling as I lay  
Reading the Odyssey  
    in my rock-garden  
I espied the cluster'd  
    tufts of Cheddar pinks

Burgeoning with promise  
of their scented bloom  
All the modish motley  
of their bloom to-be  
Thrust up in narrow buds  
on the slender stalks  
Thronging springing urgent  
hasting (so I thought)  
As if they feared to be  
too late for summer—  
Like schoolgirls overslept  
waken'd by the bell  
Leaping from bed to don  
their muslin dresses  
On a May morning :  
Then felt I like to one  
indulging in sin  
(Where to Nature is oft  
a blind accomplice)  
Because my aged bones  
so enjoyed the sun  
There as I lay along  
idling with my thoughts  
Reading an old poet  
while the busy world  
Toil'd moil'd fuss'd and scurried  
worried bought and sold  
Plotted stole and quarrel'd  
fought and God knows what.  
I had forgotten Homer  
dallying with my thoughts

Till I fell to making  
these little verses  
Communing with the flowers  
in my rock-garden  
on a May morning.

ROBERT BRIDGES

### *Late Snow*

THE heavy train through the dim country went rolling,  
rolling,  
Interminably passing misty snow-covered ploughland  
ridges  
That merged in the snowy sky ; came turning meadows,  
fences,  
Came gullies and passed, and ice-coloured streams under  
frozen bridges.

Across the travelling landscape evenly drooped and lifted  
The telegraph wires, thick ropes of snow in the windless air ;  
They drooped and paused and lifted again to unseen  
summits,  
Drawing the eyes and soothing them, often to a drowsy  
stare.

Singly in the snow the ghosts of trees were softly pencilled,  
Fainter and fainter, in distance fading, into nothingness  
gliding,  
But sometimes a crowd of the intricate silver trees of fairy-  
land  
Passed, close and intensely clear, the phantom world hiding.

O untroubled these moving mantled miles of shadowless shadows,

And lovely the film of falling flakes, so wayward and slack ;  
But I thought of many a mother-bird screening her nestlings,  
Sitting silent with wide bright eyes, snow on her back.

J. C. SQUIRE

### *The Wind*

I SAW the wind to-day :  
I saw it in the pane  
Of glass upon the wall :  
A moving thing—'twas like  
No bird with widening wing,  
No mouse that runs along  
The meal bag under the beam.

I think it's like a horse  
All black, with frightening mane,  
That springs out of the earth,  
And tramples on his way.  
I saw it in the glass,  
The shaking of a mane :  
A horse that no one rides.

PADRAIC COLUM

### *A Windy Day*

THIS wind brings all dead things to life,  
Branches that lash the air like whips  
And dead leaves rolling in a hurry  
Or peering in a rabbits' bury

Or trying to push down a tree ;  
Gates that fly open to the wind  
And close again behind,  
And fields that are a flowing sea  
And make the cattle look like ships ;  
Straws glistening and stiff  
Lying on air as on a shelf  
And pond that leaps to leave itself ;  
And feathers too that rise and float,  
Each feather changed into a bird,  
And line-hung sheets that crack and strain ;  
Even the sun-greened coat,  
That through so many winds has served,  
The scarecrow struggles to put on again.

ANDREW YOUNG

### *The Blackberry*

BETWEEN the railway and the mine,  
Brambles are in fruit again.  
    Their little nigger fists they clench,  
    And hold the branches in a clinch.  
Wagons of ore are shunted past,  
And spray the berries with red rust,  
    Which dulls the bright mahogany  
    Like purple sawdust, clogged and dry.  
But when the housewife, wind-and-rain,  
Rubs the berry spick and span,  
    Compound it gleams like a fly's eye,  
    And every ball reflects the sky.

There the world's repeated like  
Coupons in a ration book ;  
    There the tall curved chimneys spread  
    Purple smoke on purple cloud.  
Grant us to know that hours rushed by  
Are photographed upon God's eye ;  
    That life and leaf are both preserved  
    In gelatine of Jesus' blood.  
And grant to us the sense to feel  
The large condensed within the small ;  
    Wash clear our eyes that we may see  
    The sky within the blackberry.

NORMAN NICHOLSON

### *Wizards*

THERE's many a proud wizard from Araby to Egypt  
    Can read the silver writing of the stars as they run ;  
And many a dark gipsy, with a pheasant in his knapsack,  
    Has gathered more by moonshine than wiser men have  
    won ;  
    But I know a wizardry  
    Can take a buried acorn,  
And whisper forests out of it, to tower against the sun.  
  
There's many a magician, from Bagdad to Benares,  
    Can read you for a penny what your future is to be ;  
And a flock of crazy prophets that by staring in a crystal  
    Can fill it with more fancies than there's herring in the sea ;  
    But I know a wizardry  
    Can take a freckled egg-shell,  
And shake a throstle out of it in every hawthorn tree.

There's many a crafty alchemist from Mecca to Jerusalem,  
And Michael Scott and Merlin were reckoned very wise ;  
But I know a wizardry can take a wisp of sun-fire  
And round it to a planet, and roll it through the skies,  
With cities, and sea-ports,  
And little shining windows,  
And hedge-rows, and gardens, and loving human eyes.

ALFRED NOYES

### *A Piper*

A PIPER in the streets to-day  
Set up, and tuned, and started to play,  
And away, away, away on the tide  
Of his music we started ; on every side  
Doors and windows were opened wide,  
And men left down their work and came,  
And women with petticoats coloured like flame.  
And little bare feet that were blue with cold  
Went dancing back to the age of gold,  
And all the world went gay, went gay,  
For half an hour in the street to-day.

SEUMAS O'SULLIVAN

### *The Cities*

THEY shall sink under water,  
They shall rise up again :  
They shall be peopled  
By millions of men.



Cleansed of their scarlet,  
Absolved of their sin,  
They shall be like crystal  
All stainless within.

Paris and Babel,  
London and Tyre,  
Reborn from the darkness,  
Shall sparkle with fire.

From the folk who throng in  
Their gardens and towers  
Shall be blown fragrance  
Sweeter than flowers.

Faery shall dance in  
The streets of the town,  
And from sky headlands  
The gods looking down.

GEORGE WILLIAM RUSSELL (Æ)

### *London*

ATHWART the sky a lowly sigh  
From west to east the sweet wind carried ;  
The sun stood still on Primrose Hill ;  
His light in all the city tarried :  
The clouds on viewless columns bloomed  
Like smouldering lilies unconsumed.

“ Oh, sweetheart, see ! how shadowy,  
Of some occult magician's rearing,  
Or swung in space of heaven's grace  
Dissolving, dimly reappearing,  
Afloat upon ethereal tides  
St Paul's above the city rides ! ”

A rumour broke through the thin smoke  
Enwreathing abbey, tower, and palace,  
The parks, the squares, the thoroughfares,  
The million-peopled lanes and alleys,  
An ever-muttering prisoned storm,  
The heart of London beating warm.

JOHN DAVIDSON

### *Allotments*

LIFTING through the broken clouds there shot  
A searching beam of golden sunset-shine.  
It swept the town allotments, plot by plot,  
And all the digging clerks became divine—  
Stood up like heroes with their spades of brass,  
Turning the ore that made the realms of Spain !  
So shone they for a moment. Then, alas !  
The cloud-rift closed ; and they were clerks again.

RICHARD CHURCH

## *Morning Express*

ALONG the wind-swept platform, pinched and white,  
The travellers stand in pools of wintry light,  
Offering themselves to morn's long, slanting arrows.  
The train's due ; porters trundle laden barrows.  
The train steams in, volleying resplendent clouds  
Of sun-blown vapour. Hither and about,  
Scared people hurry, storming the doors in crowds.  
The officials seem to waken with a shout,  
Resolved to hoist and plunder ; some to the vans  
Leap ; others rumble the milk in gleaming cans.

Boys, indolent-eyed, from baskets leaning back,  
Question each face ; a man with a hammer steals  
Stooping from coach to coach ; with clang and clack,  
Touches and tests, and listens to the wheels.  
Guard sounds a warning whistle, points to the clock  
With brandished flag, and on his folded flock  
Claps the last door : the monster grunts : " Enough ! "  
Tightening his load of links with pant and puff.  
Under the arch, then forth into blue day,  
Glide the processional windows on their way,  
And glimpse the stately folk who sit at ease  
To view the world like kings taking the seas  
In prosperous weather : drifting banners tell  
Their progress to the counties ; with them goes  
The clamour of their journeying ; while those  
Who sped them stand to wave a last farewell.

SIEGFRIED SASSOON

## *The Express*

AFTER the first powerful plain manifesto  
The black statement of pistons, without more fuss  
But gliding like a queen, she leaves the station.  
Without bowing and with restrained unconcern  
She passes the houses which humbly crowd outside,  
The gasworks and at last the heavy page  
Of death, printed by gravestones in the cemetery.  
Beyond the town there lies the open country  
Where, gathering speed, she acquires mystery,  
The luminous self-possession of ships on ocean.  
It is now she begins to sing—at first quite low,  
Then loud, and at last with a jazzy madness—  
The song of her whistle screaming at curves,  
Of deafening tunnels, brakes, innumerable bolts.  
And always light, aërial, underneath  
Goes the elate metre of her wheels.  
Steaming through metal landscape on her lines  
She plunges new eras of wild happiness  
Where speed throws up strange shapes, broad curves  
And parallels clean like the steel of guns.  
At last, further than Edinburgh or Rome,  
Beyond the crest of the world, she reaches night  
Where only a low streamline brightness  
Of phosphorus on the tossing hills is white.  
Ah, like a comet through flame she moves entranced  
Wrapt in her music no bird song, no, nor bough  
Breaking with honey buds, shall ever equal.

STEPHEN SPENDER

## *A Song for the Spanish Anarchists*

THE golden lemon is not made  
but grows on a green tree :  
A strong man and his crystal eyes  
is a man born free.

The oxen pass under the yoke  
and the blind are led at will :  
But a man born free has a path of his own  
and a house on the hill.

And men are men who till the land  
and women are women who weave :  
Fifty men own the lemon-grove  
and no man is a slave.

HERBERT READ

## *The Arrow*

SIR BRAN was as quiet as any sleeper when the wind rose.  
Said he, " Am I my brother's keeper that I should get foes ? "  
For a year and a month loud wailed the women, and the  
men rained blows.

Sir Bran got up in the middle of the night when the moon  
was shining ;  
Through the wild wet wood he went, where the flowers  
were twining.  
" Feather this arrow," he said to the fairies and trolls. " An  
end of wrath and repining."

Sir Bran shot an arrow that fell far away, far away, three  
leagues and a furlong ;  
Right in the middle of the swaying hosts, that were fighting,  
ding-dong.  
And strange gentleness flooded each soul deep stricken with  
wrong.

And the wind went still, and the sun moved over the stars  
of the morning ;  
And the fight seemed a tumult of horror and fear, a thing  
for man's scorning ;  
And each foeman was sorry, and lifted a finger of warning.

HERBERT PALMER

### *Perfect Workmen*

AERO-ENGINE, I trust you ;  
you manufacture motion  
with a uniform precision that is constant.  
In this unflagging gang of co-ordinated workmen  
no one is jealous,  
nobody moves out of turn—  
they concentrate keenly, and quicken the pace together  
when ordered :  
they obey. Towards their hardest foremen they bear no  
malice.  
They labour uncomplaining,  
and finally fail  
together, when their nourished energy is all quite spent.

Hours of work irregular you share contented—  
you have never grumbled,  
fixed parts and moving ; I place  
well-earned confidence in you.

A. N. C. WEIR

*Lean out of the Window*

LEAN out of the window,  
    Goldenhair,  
I heard you singing  
    A merry air.

My book is closed ;  
    I read no more,  
Watching the fire dance  
    On the floor.

I have left my book :  
    I have left my room :  
For I heard you singing  
    Through the gloom,

Singing and singing  
    A merry air.  
Lean out of the window,  
    Goldenhair.

JAMES JOYCE

## *Old Cat Care*

*Outside the Cottage*

GREEN-EYED Care

May prowl and glare

And poke his snub, bewhiskered nose :

But Door fits tight

Against the Night :

Through criss-cross cracks no evil goes.

Window is small :

No room at all

For Worry and Money, his shoulder-bones :

Chimney is wide,

But Smoke's inside

And happy Smoke would smother his moans.

Bewhiskered Care

May prowl out there :

But I never heard

He caught the Blue Bird.

RICHARD HUGHES





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